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## EDITORIAL ETCHINGS.

HE war of Dictionaries has fairly opened. Worcester is soon to issue his quarto, long announced, and long wished for by all who take any interest in preserving the integrity of the language. The volume is to embrace the new features of synonyms and illustrations—it will give definitions with full citations of authority by quotation, after the manner of Richardson—its orthography will conform to the standard erected by the best scholars in Europe and America, and thus restore to proper use words and forms which Webster arbitrarily changed and re-changed in almost every new edition of his books. This promises to give us the true standard for orthography, and thus to end these eternal and annoying differences in orthography which vex us in every letter, newspaper, book, and printing office. The enterprising publishers of Webster's books, anticipating the competition from Worcester's Quarto, have announced a new edition of Noah Webster's Quarto, with synonyms and illustrations and emendations in the orthography! under the editorship of Peter Parley Goodrich. We cannot think the Dictionary of Webster, even with these new additions, and fourth and fifth changes in orthography, will succeed in "crushing out" Webster's carefully prepared work. It seems the purpose of the Hartford publishers to establish and maintain a kind of monopoly in the dictionary line, but we think the public interest forbids any such monopoly.

— Talking of Webster's Dictionary recalls a squib aimed at it by a London journal some years since. It claimed Webster as full authority for the use of words after this fashion:

"No longer feeling a carnification, I purchased fruit of a carpologist, and castigated my appetite by caseous food, my drink being bonyclaber."

"Wishing to cheverilize my \*\*\* (excuse the catasterism), I praised her catadropical eyes, when she, not being a catharist, hit me a clip. I grew chuffy, for her fingers were cheliferous, and I chode her well for chowdering at me."

"I attended a caucus and being characterized by comity of manners, I was listening complacentially to a catenulate

discourse—the room was cluttered, and a carow approached me; he spoke to me cavilingly, but I forgave him on account of his cecity; another came, whose superior celsitude nearly reached the cespititious roof; the clouterly circumcellion accused me of cicisbeism, and struck me with a clunck. I was chirurgical, and felt a carpal pain; but when he bespawled me and said I was conductitious, I gave him him a colorific blow and clipt. His faults were commentitious, and as we had been long commorant, I relented; but the conceptacle of my head was injured, and I quitted the room, not quite so cony, nor so cocket and chirk, as I came in."

— A correspondent wishes to know "how we can reconcile ourselves (being fastidious in regard to beauty), to a *fat woman*?" She says she is a fat person, and wishes us to suggest some philosophy to reconcile her to her physical proportions, or to suggest some means of getting rid of the useless fat! Our "philosophy" is to be content with what God has given us. If all nature was uniformly beautiful how should we enjoy it? since it is only by contrast with what is less marked by beauty that we know the degree of the beautiful which attaches to anything. In music, a string of full chords, unbroken by chromatics and defective harmony, grows very tedious and expressionless—it needs the clear contrast of exceptional chords and mixed harmony to bring the succeeding perfect chords into their clearest, sweetest expression. It is so in physical nature; the deformed and *outré* are absolute *qualities*, obtaining positive rather than negative place in the category of parts and principles which unite in demonstrable nature. (See *Art Journal* for Sept., 1857, article, "Power of Deformity;" also *Art Journal* for Dec., 1857, article "Nature as It Is.") It is folly, then, for individuals to rebel against the order of nature so far as to try to change their whole outward individual, and however right and natural it may be to try and "look as well as you can," there are limits to the license to be permitted by nature. To keep down fat ladies have laced themselves into the grave; have swallowed vinegar daily to the same sad end; have taken arsenic to give clearness to the complexion, and death has taken many years of an otherwise healthful life; have used lotions and paint to "heighten

charms," which have ultimately resulted in a ruined skin and early wrinkles; have worn thin shoes and stockings, and low-necked dresses "to appear to the best advantage," and hastened consumption by the process. No, dear adipose friend, we have no suggestions to offer you for getting rid of your fat. Let it not cover a sordid soul, a coarse taste, a hard heart, an idle mind, but rather the reverse of all these; and your fat will be regarded as but the frame which surrounds the "Heart of the Andes"—a case for the more spiritual beauty within.

*Apropos* to all this, is the fact that acids actually are used by women of flesh to retard the deposit of fat. Vinegar, we know, is swallowed in daily doses by young females, who fear too great bulk to their bodies. It is a *horrible* practice—it is self-murder. An amount of acid which will keep a body thin will ruin its digestive organs as inevitably as that sleep and death result from an overdose of laudanum. We now have a case in view, whose experience we repeat that those of our lady readers given to the habit of vinegar drinking may see exactly what awaits them. A few years since, a young woman in good circumstances, enjoyed good health, was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to look upon her plumpness with suspicion; for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly, she consulted a woman, who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily. The young lady followed the advice, and her plumpness diminished. She was delighted with the success of the experiment, and continued it for more than a month. She began to have a cough, dry in its commencement, and which was considered as a light cold, that would go off. Meantime, from dry it became moist, a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing; her body became lean and wasted away; night sweats, swelling of the feet and limbs succeeded, and diarrhoea terminated her life.

— "Let not a bushel basket obscure the light of genius," exclaimed our Samuel, as he resurrected from the bushel basket of refuse papers by our table, a large, broadly-ruled sheet, written over with red ink. "You don't intend to 'send up' that red-faced thing, do you?" "Why,

yes; it is too bloody-looking for our nerves; guess it will have to go up, Samuel!" He looks lugubrious—then his eyes stick out like guns from a port-hole—then his face grows broad, broader, until he fairly roars with laughter. What is the young imp laughing at? We seize the blood-stained manuscript from his hands and smile too! Shall we not allow our readers the same sweet pleasure? "We shall!" as old Judge Baker said in his sleep, when dreaming of the Widow McGorggonge. Let us then, premise:

The following "stanzas" were the result of a protracted effort on the part of one of the nice young men of Baton Rouge, La. A grand exhibition coming off at St. Mary's Academy (one of the most popular of all Southern female seminaries), he "threw himself," to be equal to the occasion, and forwarded to the principal of the school the following *lyric*, which we are permitted to behold in all its original proportions, and colors, and punctuation:

#### TIS OUR FLAG!!!

When tempest's beams with furious glow  
And o'er our shores surveys  
And blissful glides it to and fro  
What ends the soldiers days  
And when the winds their howling blast  
Comes tearing with a crave  
And all the seas by land outcast  
What is it that must wave  
Tis our flag tis our flag  
The only leaf with shade  
When men are born by endless gag  
Why should their Colors fade  
  
And when the cry does sometimes sound  
Of wars both far and near  
And men are called to Battle ground  
What is it they do cheer  
And when no more they deem it just  
That such must end their Band  
When down in blood they leave a trust  
What is it that must stand  
Tis our flag tis our flag &c  
  
And when the wars must ever cease  
And peace reign once more  
And the soldiers rest in welcome ease  
What is it they adore  
Tis our flag &c  
  
Oh then let it be with one and all  
That live in happy glee  
To love and cherish forever  
The noble flag of the free  
For it is the gem that none can hate  
And the only Banner shining  
That waves its colors over our States  
While thousands are repining  
Oh noble flag &c  
  
Let it be when wars no more shall rave  
And when the weary must sleep  
And when the dead are laid in graves

To mingle with its heaps  
Oh let it be when men must part  
And from their homes decay  
And when the young shall cry from heart  
It shall not fade away  
Oh noble flag oh noble flag  
The only leaf of shade  
Why men are born by endless gag  
Why should their colors fade

N. B. Particularly: This *must* be spoken in a slow and emphatic manner.

COMPOSED BY J. W. C. S.

The South is in no danger so long as that young man is able to indite patriotic lyrics. The principal of the school, we learn, proposes to have it set to music by Jullien, to be performed by his band, with an accompaniment for the "Harp of a Thousand Strings."

— The latest *coup* of the insatiable Bonner is the engagement of Wm. Cullen Bryant to write poems "only for the *New-York Ledger*," and of Paul Morphy to edit a chess column "only for the *New-York Ledger*." We expect the next announcement will be that Pope Pius "writes exclusively for the *New-York Ledger*." Bonner's money and Bonner's smiles are hard to resist, it would appear. If England had sent him, instead of Lord Cowley, to mediate with Austria, the horrid front of war would have surely disappeared.

— Our poems illustrated this month are Willis' charming compositions, "Hagar," and "Abraham." The illustrations are from the work in preparation by the old and well-known firm of Messrs. Clark, Austin & Smith, of this city, viz., "Sacred Poems, comprising Scriptural Poems, and Poems of Sacred Thought," by N. Parker Willis, superbly and profusely illustrated with engravings by N. Orr & Co., from designs by Ehninger, Darley, Hamilton of Phila., T. & E. Moran of Phila., White of Phila., McLenan, Eytinge, Chapman, Thwaites, Whitney, Herrick, Hitchcock, Lumley, Goater, Beauveau, Hill, Copstick, Ward, and others. The designs presented show the poetic spirit of our artists to be as keenly alive and appreciative as in those artists of England whose designs have added so largely to the reputation of certain editions of the poets, both of Great Britain and of America. The volume will be a perfect gallery of American taste and genius, reflecting honor upon our literature and art. We trust the generous-minded publishers will find a return for their enormous expenditure of the preparation of this exquisite

volume in its ready sale and wide circulation. As this work is the first illustrated volume of poems executed wholly on this side of the water, we shall refer to it again as a happy exemplification of the art progress in this country.

— New-York has been visited by the "Anniversaries"—that is, by delegates (lay and clerical), from all parts of the country, who yearly assemble here to discuss the affairs of every imaginable society, and to enjoy themselves generally. They (the anniversary celebrations) passed off pleasantly enough, particularly that of the "American Tract Society," which had "a right good time of it," as the Hoosier remarked who went to a ball and whipped another fellow for dancing with his girl. The Bostonians, resolved to be behind New-York in nothing (except gas bills and taxes), have been holding anniversary celebrations, if we can credit the *Gazette* of that city. Preising that Mrs. Partington Shillaber is connected with that paper, we may quote one paragraph from its reports:

"*Society for the Promotion of Pauperism*.—This ancient institution held its five thousand eight hundred and fifty-ninth anniversary in Brandywine street. A very large number attended, composed of many of our most respectable citizens. A question was given for discussion whether any more efficient means were necessary in order to secure the ends of this institution, but after considering the various modes practised, the Society came to the unanimous conclusion that things were very well as then existing, and needed no change. A gold medal was voted to the author of the best mode of adulterating liquor, and a vote passed recommending the further establishment of low rum shops, as the best means of forwarding the work of the Society."

— A correspondent from Raleigh, S. C., tells of a mean man, who lives not far from that place. He brings a basket of eggs, weekly, to a store for sale, takes his pay, and always has a large lump of sugar "thrown in." This he carries home and it serves his family for one week. The man has \$16,000 out on interest.

— My dear friend, do you ever "write for the press?" No doubt you think you can, and may, some day, attempt it, but beware! It is an experiment of more hazard than you, in your ignorance of

types and editors, and books and grammars can possibly conceive. Therefore, we may save you a severe *blow* by presenting the laws which inevitably govern the editor's usage of manuscript. First, he requires good, plain chirography, which can be readily and rapidly read, for his time *will not* be spent in deciphering hieroglyphics. Nor will it be spent in correcting bad grammar, punctuation, omissions of capitals, &c. He positively requires good writing, good grammar, good punctuation, as pre-requisites even of his reading the manuscript at all. Once into it he requires, secondly, that you shall have something to say which is positively new, positively good, positively interesting, and positively well said, else he will chuck the manuscript in the fuel basket. If the contribution be well written and well composed, if it says a good thing in the right way, you are pretty sure of a hearing—if there is room for it, if such an article is wanted, if it is not like something else already in hand, if it can add to the interest of the paper, and various other *if's* which only editor, publisher, printer, and paper-dealer, can understand. Now, dear friend of the Rocking Chair, we do assure you this is a fair statement of the case, and beg of you never to think you are a genius until you are certain, never to write out your immortal thoughts until you have mastered English grammar in all its departments of Syntax, Prosody, &c. By understanding these fixed, immutable, inflexible, non-changing requisites you will be saved a little postage and much mortification.

Burnett's "Cocoaine" advertised in this number of the *Journal*, deserves all the favor bestowed upon it, and we cheerfully add our testimony to its excellence. Cocoanut oil is, when perfectly pure and sweet, one of the best in the world for the toilet, nursery, and sick-room. This preparation, by Burnett of Boston, secures its continued sweetness, and makes it particularly available for the toilet. It has all the virtues claimed for it.

Some of the subscribers of last year expressed surprise that our secretaries of Albany, and Utica, and Boston, should have drawn so many prizes in the last annual award; and a few hypercritical and foolishly suspicious ones have charged unfair dealing, collusion and all manner of partiality. All we have to answer is that the awards are above all

impeachment—are so conducted as to render any partiality or favoritism simply impossible. The disposition of prizes to the secretaries above named was for the benefit of their subscribers. Thus, Albany sends in over two hundred subscriptions, but no names are given; consequently the certificates all stand in Mr. Little's name, and the prizes awarded to his numbers, of course, are entered to him; but he, having a record of the names of persons holding the certificates, hands over the prize awarded to the number to the proper owner. Mr. Little, we believe, did not, *himself*, hold a single certificate which drew a prize. This will apply to all those cases where several paintings were awarded to one name. Those correspondents and invidious persons who have written and have uttered disparaging comments in regard to this matter, will not only consider themselves informed, but have our advice hereafter to be sure they are right before they make libellers of themselves.

Any parties having No. 4, of Vol. I., to spare, will receive twenty-five cents for each *perfect* number sent to this office. We very much wish for a few to make up orders for complete sets of the *Journal* for preservation in libraries.

The "Greek Slave," after various fortunes, has at length found a resting-place where she may remain for some time to come, in fact, has departed from public view, having been purchased by A. T. Stewart, Esq. of New-York, and transferred to his superb residence on Bleecker-street. "The papers" would have it that the statue was to be placed in Mr. Stewart's "marble palace" store, but Mr. Stewart is too shrewd a merchant in these days of unmeasurable crinoline and expensive double-skirted silks, to introduce such an illustrious exemplar of *non-crinoline* and *native* beauty to his customers, for emulation—it would spoil his trade! So she is transferred to the privacy of a parlor, and hereafter will be seen only by the admissible few. It will be remembered that "the Greek" was awarded to Miss Coleman of Cincinnati, at the fourth annual premium-award of the "Cosmopolitan Art Association." Since that award the statue has remained on exhibition and sale, in the Dusseldorf Gallery, New-York. Two of Mr. Powers' finest works, viz.: the "Greek Slave" and "California," have now a permanent

abiding place in New-York. The latter statue is owned by Wm. B. Astor, and is, we learn, open to all visitors who choose to call at Mr. Astor's residence, opposite Lafayette Place.

The "gift-book" houses may now be regarded as a fixed fact and a great feature of the book trade. The oldest and most widely known is the house of Evans & Co., 691 Broadway, New-York. This firm is of long standing, and we take pleasure in calling attention to their announcements elsewhere in this *Journal*.

As editors, of course, we have all kind of requests preferred by correspondents. One says: "Please read the enclosed manuscript and give me your opinion;" as the enclosure is fifteen pages, closely written, it would take half a day of close labor to do as requested. Another wishes our opinion of certain authors, which it would take several letter pages to tell, properly. Another would have us explain why we commend certain principles of art and beauty; and so the list of requests runs. It is simply impossible for us to comply with these wishes, for our time is fully occupied in our daily duty. Many distant writers for the Press wish us to dispose of manuscript for them. This we cheerfully do where the manuscript is really worthy of a market and can command one. We have no objections to assisting books to a publisher where there is a willingness to leave all to our hands. But we cannot give up, as we have said, time to answer queries which are, after all, but to gratify some *personal* interest.

The articles in the present number present much that is varied and excellent both in the subject-matter and in the illustrations. The leading paper is one of unusual originality and clearness, and will inspire a feeling of satisfaction upon the part of every thoughtful reader. The illustrated poems are artistically, very beautiful. The story "Phantom Wife," is one of singular power and beauty. It will not fail to excite the reader even more than the story in the previous number, from the same admirable pen. The other papers of the number are from the best hands, and serve to make up a number of great general excellence. Compare it, dear reader, with any other magazine which finds its way to your table.